THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, - D. C.

The Boston Transcript suggests "the scientific study of forestry to young men who are rushing, with small chance of success, into the already overcrowded professions." This is a field into which any mentally well equipped young man can enter, with almost the certainty of success. The public generally are becoming weary of tree butchers.

The tendency of the present day to make ocean steamships larger and larger is emphasized by the plans of the new vessel which is to be built for the North German Lloyd line. This ship when completed will be forty-eight feet longer than the Oceanic, which measures 704 feet. The Deutschland, the big ship of the Hamburg-American line, measures 685 feet. The new steamer will also be the fastest ship afloat, beating the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, whose average daily record is a fraction over twenty-two knots. The new ship will also have 5000 more horse power than the Deutschland. It would seem that the size of ocean steamships must soon reach its limit, otherwise we shall have to enlarge our harbors.

A town in Wisconsin has recently passed an ordinance regulating the speed of street cars within city limits at not to exceed eight miles an hour on single track and ten miles an hour on double track. It was claimed by the local police that the street railway company had been violating the ordinance and a test was arranged. Two city officials quietly took their seats as passengers on a car, and a third official, mounting a bicycle provided with a cyclometer, pedaled alongside, the two officials inside the car acting as timekeepers for him. The general speed of the car between stops was never less than twelve miles an hour. At several places it reached twenty miles an hour, and in one instance it went as high as twenty-six miles an hour. Warrants were issued against all motormen running cars above speed, and the city trolley is now vying with the old horse service in speed and the disgusted citizens are talking of rescinding their foolish limitations and thus prevent their town from drifting into a back number.

Is familiarity with the sight of convicts engaged at hard labor in the open air demoralizing? If so, how? Prisons stand in full view of every one who chooses to go by them. The criminal courts are open to all comers quite as much as a matter of justice to the accused as for any other consideration. We cannot disguise from the community the fact that law-breaking and crime exist. Is it any more demoralizing to couple with this fact the reminder that offenses against good order are, and must be, punished? And which is the more likely to inflame the morbid imaginations of youth, for instance, the spectacle of high prison walls concealing gruesome mysteries behind them, with an occasional glimpse of a striped suit as it flits past a barred window, or the plain spectacle of convicts at hard labor, with no background of mysterious suggestion? Indeed the fact is well known that in those parts of the country where convict road-making is practiced, public curiosity died out with the first flush of novelty, and nobody now pauses to give the gang a second glance.

The distinction of being the first city in the United States to undertake forest-planting on a large scale and so establishing what is called in Europe a forest town belongs, it appears, to Brunswick, Me. This municipality owns a track of some thousand acres of what was at one time pine land, but which has now for several years been given over to the riots of forest fires and the growth of wild huckleberries. At a meeting of the Town Council, held the other day, it was decided to appropriate a thousand dollars for the improvement of this track by the planting of white pine. The best seed possible will be purchased and a nursery set up for raising young trees. When these reach the proper age they will, if healthy, be transplanted in rows and set out in the positions they will finally occupy, after which they will need little further care, save in the way of protection from fire. As things are now the land is absolutely unproductive, and if the new scheme proves successful it will be both ornamental and profitable. In Europe, at any rate, such town forests are common enough, and usually furnish a considerable part of the city's revenue.

PERILS OF THE MINES.

THE GREATEST DREAD OF THE ANTHRACITE COAL REGION.

Deadly Nature of the Cave-in—Heroic Attempts to Rescue Entombed Comrades—Some Extraordinary Instances of Endurance—Why Hope Endures So Long.

ACCOUNTS of the terrible explosion in a Utah coal mine have brought to mind forcibly the precarious existence that the miner leads beneath the earth. But of all the accidents which threaten the life of the anthracite coal-miner, none is more feared than the deadly cave-in. It is far more liable to cause death than explosions or floods, runaway cars, or falls down the shaft. Dozens and dozens of men are crushed to death every year by it, and the reports of the mine inspectors show that a large majority of the fatal accidents of the year are due to it. Witness the great accident at the twin shaft, Pittston, Penn., a few years ago, when fifty-nine men were shut in or crushed to death; and the fall at No. 11, Plymouth, Penn., when thirteen men were killed. None of these victims were ever found, nor is there much probability of any trace of them being discovered.

Suddenly and horribly fatal as they are, the caves give warning of their approach. A short time ago the writer was in an affected gangway. There was a constant and menacing noise, which is almost indescribable. It was like the distant murmur of a thunder-storm or the deep rumble of far-away breakers. For hundreds of feet above and around, the rock and coal was "working."

BURIED ALIVE.

But with all the warning it gives, the cave too often proves the death-bed and grave of the miner who is rash enough to try to save for his company what nature is reclaiming as her own. So it was in the two great accidents previously mentioned. Valuable chambers of the mine threatened to cave, and thousands of tons of coal would be lost. At Pittston Superintendent Langan started on a Sunday night with sixty-five men to place massive timbers under the affected roof, hoping to avert the threatened destruction. So awful was the noise and so near did death appear in those trembling passages that seven men, Superintendent Langan's son among them, refused to work and went back. The Superintendent and the fifty-eight labored for an hour or so, then suddenly many tons of rock and coal fell, and in an instant nature had constructed for them an impenetrable sepulchre. Whether they were instantly crushed to death, shut in and suffocated, or slowly starved, will probably never be known.

For weeks men as brave as the fifty-nine labored at the work of rescue, a great, but unavailing struggle. Torn, shaken and trembling from the shock of the first fall, which dragged upon the other portions of the mine like massive chains drawn by a monster, working after working collapsed, hour after hour, for some days, before it all settled quietly, and the dangers of the rescuers were fully as great as those the entombed men had confronted. There was but one practicable way of getting at the victims, and that was down a long slope at the foot of which it was expected the unfortunates would be found. Four hondred feet was clear space; the remaining four hundred was blocked to within a few inches of the roof by the fallen masses of rock. It was through these four hundred feet that the rescuers had to force their way. Volunteers were numerous, the most able mining experts in the region directed the operations, and the work went on day and night. At first good progress was made, and then, as they advanced foot by foot, the danger and the difficulties increased. Some days they would gain twenty or thirty feet, and then be driven back some distance, only to attack the living mass again with magnificent courage and endurance.

FUTILE EFFORTS AT RESCUE.

It was in the midst of this work that the writer saw them. Some ninety feet had been gained through the fall. The whole slope, some nine feet in width, had not been cleared, but a narrow passage four feet wide had been driven through the centre of it. This was propped and strengthened by great timbers, for there was constant danger of the roof coming down. The gas was heavy and safety lamps had to be used, so the light was dim and uncertain. The moaning of the mine was still to be heard and had a most weird effect, as if breasts and gangways were mourning for their victims. The men worked in shifts of half-a-dozen each, three hacking and pecking at the "face" of the fall with their picks and three shoveling back the debris to others behind them, who passed it out in a line. Great masses of rock had to be shattered with drill and hammer, for it was not safe to use powder, and the progress was distressingly slow. As soon as one shift became tired another took its place, and the work went on. Inspectors and foremen stood about directing the work and keeping a careful eye on the dangerous roof. As the writer watched there was a cry of warning, the men came tumbling back from the "face," and a rush was made up the slope. There was a crash, a roar, we were blown off our feet and dashed against the sides of the slope by a concussion which extinguished the lights. An investigation revealed the fact that twenty feet, gained by hard work during the last twenty-four hours, had been filled up again.

"We must keep at it, boys," said one of the foremen cheerily, and at it they went.

But in the days that followed, falls came frequently, and the men despaired. They were ready to give up their seemingly hopeless task, when, one night, they were cheered by rappings. The news was quickly sent to the surface, and women's eyes were dry with hope for the first time since the dreadful tidings were heard. The rappings continued at intervals, and everybody was sure some of the entombed men were alive—everybody except one boy of eighteen who day and night was in the slope with the workers. The rappings were heard on the iron pipes through which water had been pumped from the bottom of the slope. It was evident that some of the entombed men had reached an open space there and were hammering on the pipes to encourage the workers. Work went on with renewed enthusiasm, and young Langan, the entombed superintendent's son, performed as heroic an act as is recorded in the history of mining. Between the top of the fall and the roof was a space of a few inches, and with wonderful daring he dragged himself along over the fall. At any moment he might have been crushed by the roof, but he returned. He was gone three hours, and in that time crawled nearly three hundred feet and back. His clothes were torn to shreds, and his body was covered with blood from scores of cuts and bruises. He had found no opening and learned nothing of the entombed. For three days the rappings continued, and then one night, in a dark and obscure corner of the slope, one of the foremen came upon a water boy hammering the pipes with a piece of rock. It was an awful discovery, the hope that they had cheered the men on for three days was dispelled, and despair replaced it. The poor boy, when arraigned before the mine officials, confessed that he had been rapping on the pipes during the three days, and he said, in extenuation of his act: "I've got a father and two brothers in there, and I was afraid the men would quit work, so I rapped to encourage them, because I want them to find my father and brothers." The work was kept up for months, but no trace of the entombed men was found, and the attempt of rescue was at last abandoned.

WHY HOPE ENDURES SO LONG.

The accident at Plymouth, Penn., was caused in a like manner. As may well be imagined, the conflict between hope and rescue and fear of death, in the hearts of the victims' friends, is terrible. Hope died slowly at Pittston, and it is the same elsewhere. This is due to the absolute uncertainty. Some argue that the victims may be hemmed in an open chamber with a plentiful supply of air and water, and quote the well-known cases where, at Sugar Notch, a number of men lived two weeks, eating a mule entombed with them, and were finally rescued; where at Jeanesville, Penn., rescue was effected after nineteen days, in which the men had nothing to eat except the leather of their boots—owing to their ignorance the life-sustaining fish-oil in their lamps was untouched—and again, of the two men who at Nanticoke were rescued after sitting astride a log in flooded workings for nine days with nothing to eat.

Other accidents affect only the mine and the miners. Caves affect the surface, and many property owners in this region have cause to regret the day when they bought land which was undermined, because it was cheap. Recently a large section of street at Wyoming, Penn., went down, with several buildings, and instances are numerous of houses being swallowed up by the greedy earth, of cattle engulfed and suffocated. People are sometimes caught, but not often, for the earth generally sinks slowly, and there is usually plenty of time to escape. A peddler was driving slowly along the road leading to Plains, Penn., when his horse suddenly sank, dragging the front wheels of the wagon after him. When the driver recovered from his surprise and terror, the wagon body was on the edge of a hole thirty feet deep. Some time later, near the same place, an old woman was sitting near her doorstep shelling peas. Her husband coming over the hill saw her suddenly drop out of sight, ran up and found her busy picking up her scattered peas forty feet below the surface. She was uninjured and was quickly rescued.—P. S. Ridsdale, in New York Post.

Never Admit Defeat.

Never admit defeat or poverty, though you seem to be down and have not a cent. Stoutly assert your divine right to be a man, to hold your head up and look the world in the face; step bravely to the front, whatever opposes, and the world will make way for you. No one will insist on your rights, while you yourself doubt that you possess the qualities requisite for success. Never allow yourself to be a traitor to your own cause by undermining your self-confidence.

There never was a time before when persistent, original force was so much in demand as now. The namby-pamby, nerveless man has little show in the hustling world to-day. In the twentieth century a man must either push or be pushed.

Every one admires the man who can assert his rights, and has the power to demand and take them if denied him. No one can respect the man who slinks in the rear and apologizes for being in the world. Negative virtues are of no use in winning one's way. It is the positive man, the man with original energy and push that forges to the front.—Success.

World's Oldest City.

Damascus is said to be the oldest city in the world, dating back 4000 years. Its present population is 200,000, a tenth being Christians. mosques are numerous, there being more than fifty.

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

Their Opportunity in the Postage Stamp Business.

Women appear as particularly adapted to the identification and classification of postage stamps, necessary in the stamp dealer's business, and are to be found in the employ of leading dealers. They also sometimes do business as philatelists on their own account. Girls are largely preferred as clerks by dealers of experience, as they are said to be more trustworthy than boys, who will sometimes steal stamps when nothing else would tempt them. Possibly the collecting mania or instinct is stronger with boys than with girls. For most boys collect stamps as they have the mumps or the measles, but the girl collector is more rare, although not by any means entirely unknown.

The girl who enters upon employment with a stamp dealer without any knowledge of stamps is first instructed by her employer in the identification of the more common varieties, but when stamps are purchased by him in bulk, as is often the case, the first thing to be done is to sort them and to gather together all of those belonging to the Argentine Republic, Austria, the Azores, and the other A countries. Those of B countries are placed by themselves, and so on through the rest of the alphabet, until this classification is finished. With experience the girl's knowledge, of course, increases, and from the identification of such stamps as those of Baden, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, and others, upon which the name of the country of issuance appears in English, she passes at last to familiarity with and comprehension of such stamps as those of Afghanistan, Alwur, Bulgaria, Cashmere, Corea, Russia, Turkey and others printed in strange characters. When once the certain knowledge of the stamp's point of origin has become fixed in the girl's mind, there then arises the perplexing questions of roulettes and their variations, perforates or imperforates, water marks, grills, inverts, surcharges, errors, essays, trial or experimental stamps, measurements in millimetres, the perforation gauge and a host of other items that are dear to the hearts of collectors.

The stamp business is well adapted for women. There is always a chance of finding overlooked rare stamps in purchased collections, or among old and castaway letters, frequently offered to dealers. Several stamps among the United States issues are individually worth a thousand dollars, while a certain one of the British Guiana stamps of the face value of one cent has a catalogue price of $1,500.

Novelties in Dress.

The high corselet of satin, velvet or panne promises to be a popular dress accessory throughout the summer. Panne is the favorite material, and it is fastened with handsome buttons of paste or of art-nouveau.

Embroidered effects in silk, in combination with open-work patterns, are steadily gaining in favor. The material most used is satin or crepe, and the open work is filled in with tulle, either plain or figured, and bordered or surrounded with embroidered effect. All styles of embroidery are seen, with a slight preference for chenille.

It is no longer an open question as to who's got the button. Every smartly gowned woman can answer the puzzle. Satin buttons of small size, covered with a spidery net work, are used in great quantities. Some costumes require as many as six dozen to trim them, according to the mode. Paste, metal and enamel buttons are also used on many new costumes.

Draped berthes, narrow Venise lace yokes, pieces at the tops of decollete bodices, accordion-pleated fronts of diaphanous fabrics, Greek draperies brought from the right shoulder to the waist and terminating in long scarf ends, fichus of lace or chiffon, are all in favor for evening dresses.

A novelty is canvas veiling. It is usually plain, but one variety is striped with fine, white cords half an inch apart.

Composer of the Boer National Anthem.

The national anthem of the Boers was written by an old lady who is at present living a peaceful, obscure life in Holland. She is Miss Catherine Felecia Van Rees, and was born in Holland, at Zutphen, in 1831. She is an excellent musician, and in her youth she composed several operettas, which were performed by the Choral Society, Utrecht. At one of these performances she made the acquaintance of Mr. Burgers, a member of the society, who was at that time studying theology in the University of Utrecht. In 1875 Burgers, who in the meantime had been President of the South African Republic, went back to Europe and renewed the acquaintance of his old friend, Miss Van Rees. One day he begged her to write a national hymn for the Transvaal, and within a few hours she wrote both words and music for what is now the Boers' national hymn. The burghers were so pleased with the composition that the Volksraad of Pretoria officially accepted the work, and sent Miss Van Rees a letter of thanks and congratulations. The hymn is very popular among the Boers, and it is said that the British soldiers in South Africa have heard it so often that many of them now sing and whistle it.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Summer Hats.

Pink and blue hats with short chiffon capes to match are among the latest novelties. They are shown in different shades of color, of tulle, chiffon, and even fancy straw, and are all on the picturesque order, and suitable only for midsummer. Many of the hats are without trimming of flowers or feathers, while others again are heavily trimmed with artificial fruit—a late and very popular fashion. A pale green hat of this sort is in the toque shape trimmed with bunches of purple and green grapes, and the cape designed to be worn with it is an absurd affair in green chiffon tied with purple ribbons. These fashions are decidedly conspicuous, and bound to be short-lived, but as they are among the novelties of the season call for comment. In contrast to them are the hats made of light fancy straw and chiffon combined, and three or four small buds. While on the subject of hats there must be included the poke bonnet of small size in fine straw that has white ribbon around the crown, and white ribbon strings. The brim inside is faced with chiffon caught down with one small bunch of flowers.—Harper's Bazar.

The Size of the Waist.

It will be a relief to some girls with athletic proclivities to know the extreme limit which they may attain in waist size without being considered "out of fashion." For there is a "fashion in waists" as in everything else.

Years ago, before girls were allowed to engage in open-air recreations, a tiny, slim waist was considered correct and children at an early age began to wear corsets which were laced tightly.

A girl of seventeen or eighteen would endure agonies in order to reduce her waist. It is now considered very bourgeois to lace tightly, and the waist of a full-grown girl should not be smaller than twenty-four inches. The proper measurement for the chest of a girl whose waist is of that size is thirty-eight inches. Thus it will be seen that the modern beauty must be solid and nearly approach the proportions of the heroic age.

The present age is an athletic one, and as long as girls continue healthful exercises—lawn tennis, rowing, riding, bicycling, fencing and vaulting—bright eyes, good complexion and firm, well-knit and muscular figures will be found.

For the Little Coat of Tweed.

The jaunty little tweed and frieze coats worn by the athletic woman, who walks and drives a great deal in the country at this season, are considered smartest when they have revers faced with pique woven in faintly colored lines. A coat of blue tweed has a simulated bolero carried out in stitchings and held with old silver buttons. A short coat of scarlet—beg pardon,—huntin' pink—has the revers faced with striped pique, the ground of which is creamy white, the stripes pale pink, blue and amber.

Women as Surgeons.

That for women women surgeons are the best, and that nature has especially adapted them for the work by bestowing on them peculiar gifts and qualities, is the opinion of Sir Thomas Smith. "Their small hands, deftness and dextrous use of the needle and thread," he says, "are no small advantages, now that surgery is becoming more constructive."

Sleeves are larger at the top, and are trimmed with tucks or lace insertions.

Organdies on which the design is painted on the under side are the prettiest examples of pastel colorings.

Black net, well covered with applications of black taffeta, makes a very pretty short cape, finished with frills of lace and chiffon. This sort of garment is made in cream tints as well, and also in gray and beige.

Fancy lace neckwear is receiving some new development every day. A long lace scarf to carry several times around the neck and tie in a large bow in front is one of the popular styles.

Long wraps of lace are the proper summer covering for dress occasions. These are made long in the back and sloping up to the waist, or a little below in front, and there coming together all the way to the throat.

Embroidery in chiffon and other thin materials is a great feature of the new trimmings. Open embroidery, lace beads, gold and silver thread and silk are all employed and variously combined in these pretty novelties.

An entirely new idea is the use of voluminous scarfs of tulle, carried twice around the neck and tied in a large bow at the back. This undoubtedly may be accepted as a precursor of the ribbon tied at the back, so popular a few years ago.

The silky effect added to the great variety of mulls, batistes, canvas fabrics, zephyrs, organdies, and other summer fabrics renders them more than ever desirable and attractive. Many of the cotton materials thus treated, either in plain or fancy patterns, have all the lustrous and dainty effect of an India silk or satin foulard.

Some effective new waists that are just in are of a heavy coarse linen, though in delicate shades, and are trimmed with heavy embroidered linen in colors. It is evidently Russian peasant work, it is very similar at any rate, is stylish, and will be durable. The embroidery is in the form of insertions that are put in lengthwise in the bodice, around the sleeves, and to outline yokes